

*John Carter and Dejah Thoris in:
On Taming a Princess of Mars
By Yu May*

[Author's note: With deepest apologies to Edgar Rice Burroughs, in the sincerest hope that he would have enjoyed reading a spanking story as much as I enjoyed the spanking threats in his books. This story depicts a M/F, non-consensual spanking. This story is not an endorsement of the actions depicted.]

My Dearest Edgar,

Thank you for your valiant efforts in bringing the tale of my adventure on Mars to the general public.

There were, of course, some minor details I withheld from the original account, which the duties of Warlord prevented me from expounding upon in my original letters. But having now accomplished my conquest of Barsoom, I find it wise to relay to you some matters from my early days on Mars which may perhaps be of interest, particularly given your interest in my winning the hand of the black-haired, copper skinned woman, who I would later learn to be Dejah Thoris, Princess of Mars.

This account occurred shortly after I struck down the Thark warrior who dared to strike her. By the warrior-code of the Tharks, I earned the honors due to the warrior I had killed, placing me in the strange position of being a prisoner, but also holding some power and respect amongst the green-skinned warriors, even the friendship of Tars Tarkas.

Though we both remained captives, I found I now had freedom to occupy myself with training in the ways of war, and the training of the monstrous Martian hounds known as "calot" whom I have already described to you in my earlier accounts. These creatures came to both love and respect me as much as my personal guard-dog Woola, for in all things, a man must temper strength with compassion.

As I was laughing at the sight of my beasts cavorting and playing at combat, I was surprised by the presence of my charge, emerging from her quarters unclothed except for the jewelry that marked her rank as a daughter of a Jed, her copper skin glistening in the Barsoomian sun.

"Are all the men of Jarsoom so weak with their calot? You dote on the beasts, when what they require is a firm hand," she scoffed, her voice full of disdain.

I held my head high, for though as a man and a soldier I honored her rank as a Princess, as an American and a Southern gentleman, I humbled myself before no monarch, be he a King of Earth or Jeddak of Barsoom. "My beasts serve me more loyally than any native Thark, from whom they have known only abuse. Think you that blows alone shall inspire love?"

"Were you in the royal court of Helium, you would be whipped for such foolishness!"

"And if we were on Jarsoom, a girl your age would be given a spanking for such rudeness!"

"A spanking?" Dejah inquired, her brow furrowed in confusion. "Is that some kind of alien gift? I doubt a peasant like you could give me a very good one anyway."

My eyes narrowed, and as I took the surprised princess by the wrist and led her to a seat of red stone, her jewelry jingled softly. "Oh? In that case, I will show you what a spanking is, right now! In fact, Princess, I intend to give you the finest spanking that has ever been given."

How can I describe the sight as she tumbled gracefully right across my lap, the lighter gravity of Mars letting me easily cushion her as her form landed softly in place. With no clothing to cover her, I had no clothing to relieve her of, and so wasted no time in delivering the first spank.

She cried more from surprise than distress, though the strength of an Earth-man on Mars surely made my gentle slap seem a tremendous blow to her!

Her black hair flourished as she threw a ferocious glare at me over her shoulder. "How dare you strike me! I am the daughter of Jed Mors Kajak!"

I could only laugh, and deliver a second spank, so firm that the sound of my palm meeting her flesh echoed loudly enough to attract the attention of the nearby Tharks. "But this is what a spanking is, my Princess. And if you have not had one before, then on behalf of Mors Kajak, I must give you the spanking he should have given you much earlier!"

I spanked slowly, making sure that the spoiled Princess had a few seconds to anticipate each one, my loyal Woola approaching with curiosity, no doubt attracted by the contrite, almost musical cries of Dejah Thoris.

Her efforts to twist free of my hold were all in vain, though no less valiant. Rather than punish her courage with a flurry of blows, I instead slowed the pace of her chastisement. Each time she struggled, I waited until the precise moment she reached the limit of her small strength, and delivered another slap, waiting patiently for her to settle back into place and realize her predicament.

Woola watched with what might have been sympathy and curiosity, perhaps wondering whether the willful red woman required the firm hand of correction as much as any willful beast.

Finally, Dejah Thoris ceased her useless writhing, aware that she was only inviting additional wrath, and lifted her head proudly to address me. Despite her outward show of composure, her indignant voice could not disguise her discomfort. "This is not how a Princess should be treated!"

In answer, I slowly, deliberately raised my hand high, letting her watch it hover above her like the two moons of Barsoom. "Whether you are a Princess or a peasant girl, this is exactly what you need for acting so spoiled."

I began again, slowly at first, and gradually quickening the pattern, watching with keen interest as Dejah Thoris' already copper-colored bottom began to flush to a deep tone of rusty red. I imagine no white man on earth has ever been graced with such a sight, no matter how sternly he spanked the pale bottom of a white woman!

No matter how the Princess heaped rage and condemnation upon my head, my hand never ceased its rhythmic motion. Finally, her anger was replaced by plaintive wails, which I could only hope were marks of contrition.

However, although the various war-like races of Barsoom all share a disturbing ignorance of, and even a disdain for, the virtues of compassion and mercy, I could not bring myself to strike the Princess with cruelty. I had promised her the spanking her words would have merited on Earth, and delivered to her no more than was promised.

Finally, the spanking was over, and Dejah, her bottom smarting, stood up and furiously reproached me, her tearful eyes burning with anger. "I am a Princess, and you have no right to lay a hand on me!"

She raised a delicate hand to strike me, but rather than catch her by the wrist, I instead allowed her slap to land across my cheek, knowing that the strength of a woman raised in the lower-gravity of Barsoom could do no harm.

"Dejah Thoris, a Princess you may be, but you are my charge, and my responsibility. In my home of Jarsoom, the highest Princess would be rightly ashamed to treat even the lowest peasant girl with such disdain. And as long as you are under my protection, you shall submit to the ways and customs of my people, which is this: to spank silly girls who put on airs. Now, I suggest you learn from your first spanking and show more graciousness in the future, lest I gift you a second."

Dejah Thoris huffed, sending a strand of her black hair flying in a graceful wave about her tear-stained face. "I see that's what passes for a whipping on Jarsoom! In Helium, a flogging would not cease until the prisoner was unconscious. If that was your intent, I would say your 'spanking' was hardly a punishment at all!"

"Then why are you rubbing your seat so furiously?"

It is difficult to tell when the red-women of Barsoom blush, but I was sure I saw Dejah Thoris' cheeks flush with embarrassment as she dropped her hands. Straightening herself, The Princess turned and marched regally towards her quarters, in the home of Sola, the gentle Thark nursemaid.

Just as I considered whether I should instruct my friend Sola in the wise earthly custom of spanking, should she need a method to discipline her royal guest, I noticed Dejah Thoris pause at the doorway, before slowly turning to me.

"I... I apologize for being rude to you, John Carter. As a Princess, I should have shown more graciousness. Thank you for... correcting me...My chieftain!"

I smiled, delighted at her gesture no less than by the sight of my handiwork. "There's hope for you yet, My Princess!"

Her only reply was a mysterious smile, before she disappeared into the dim interior of Sola's hut.

It was only much later, after the many adventures I have given you an account of previously, that my Queen Dejah Thoris reminded me of the incident, and admitted that on that day she fell madly in love with me.

So, as you can plainly see, Edgar, the red women of Mars are not so different from the white women of Earth after all!

The End

[Full disclosure: this story was written when I still used AI chatbots, and the rough draft was based on that chatlog, although I made extensive edits in the rewrite.]